Oh if you raiſe this houſe againſt his houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt child, childs children crie againſt you woe.

North. Well haue you argued ſir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treaſon, we arreſt you here:
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely till his day of triall.
May it pleaſe you Lords, to graunt the common ſuite,
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender, ſo we ſhall proceed without ſuſpition.

Yorke. I will be his conduct.

Bul. Lords, you that are here, are vnder our arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your daies of anſwere;
Little are we beholding to your loue.
And little looke for at your helping hands.

Enter King Richard

Rich. Alacke why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardlie yet haue learnt
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?
Giue ſorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this ſubmiſſion:
Yet I well remember the fauours of theſe men,
Were they not mine? did they not ſometimes crie all haile
To me? ſo *Iudas* did to *Chriſt*; but he in twelue,
Found truth in all but one; I in twelue thouſand none:
God ſaue the King, will no man ſay Amen:
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke; well then, Amen.
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee,
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To do what ſeruice am I ſent for hither:

Yorke. To do that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired Maieſtie did make thee offer;
The reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Harry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Seaze the Crowne.

Heere Coſin, on this ſide my h
Now is this golden Crowne like
That owes two Buckets filling o
The emptier euer dauncing in t
The other downe vnſeene, and
That Bucket downe, and full of
Drinking my griefe, whilſt you

Bul. I thought you had bee

Ric. My Crowne I am, but
You may my Glories and my
But not my Griefes, ſtill am I

Bul. Part of your Cares you

Rich. Your cares ſet vp, do
My care is loſſe of care, by old
Your care is gaine of care by n
The cares I giue, I haue, thoug
They tend the Crowne, yet ſtil

Bul. Are you contented to

Rich. I, no no I; for, I muſt
Therefore no no, for I reſigne
Now marke me how I will vnd
I giue this heauie waight from
And this vnweildie Scepter fro
The pride of kingly ſway fro
With mine owne teares I waſh
With mine owne hands I giu
With mine owne tongue denie
With mine owne breath releaſ
All pompe and Maieſtie I doe
My Mannors, Rents, Reuene
My Actes, Decrees, and Statu
God pardon all Oathes that
God keepe all Vowes vnbrok
Make me that nothing haue,
And thou with all pleaſd, that
Long mayſt thou liue in *Richa*
And ſoone lie *Richard* in an e

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH